

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

NUMBER 42.

THIS SPACE
IS RESERVED FOR
L. & G. STRAUS,
LEADING
CLOTHIERS,
Opposite Phoenix Hotel,
LEXINGTON, KY.

MASTER COMMISSIONER.

Opinion of Some of Our Newspaper Friends in Regard to That Officer for Wolfe.

From the Louisville Post.]

A Good Man.

Democrats throughout the State will be rejoiced to hear that Judge Redwine will appoint Mr. Spencer Cooper Master Commissioner for Wolfe county. Mr. Cooper has done faithful and effective work for the Democratic party. His paper has been a tower of strength in the section surrounding Wolfe county. He has never failed in his devotion to Democratic interests. He has done as much hard work for the party and received as little reward for his services as any Democrat in Kentucky, and there will be general rejoicing all around that Mr. Cooper will get something more valuable than promises and praise for his labors in behalf of Democracy. It was largely due to his efforts that Judge Redwine was enabled to overcome the Republican majority in the district, and he will do as wise as well as a handsome thing in giving this office to the accomplished editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

From the Courier-Journal.]

Reports from Wolfe county that Circuit Judge D. B. Redwine will appoint Mr. Spencer Cooper Master Commissioner in that county ought to be true, considering the worth and deserts of that gentleman. As editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD Mr. Cooper has fought the fight of Democracy with courage and skill in a part of the State where Democrats are needed. For seven years Mr. Cooper has stood to his work in the mountain and has not only made his paper a good gatherer of news but a vigorous propagandist of Democratic doctrine. Democratic editors get little enough of the crumbs from the tables which they held to spread for others, and when any little plum starts their way, its safe arrival at the proper destination is sure to give satisfaction. Mr. Cooper, moreover, is one of that class that ought to be dear to the Democratic heart—an ex-Union soldier whose Democracy is sure to be a matter of principle.

From the Winchester Democrat.]

Spencer Cooper, of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, is an applicant for Master Commissioner of his county, and we hope he will get it. We were much interested in the race made by Judge Redwine and his success was in a great measure due to the gallant fight made by THE HERALD in his behalf. By its bold stand, Bro. Cooper aroused the personal antagonism of Judge Lilly's powerful friends and followers, and Judge Redwine can hardly do less than to give him the desired place. The Democratic party of that section owes much to THE HERALD, and it is but just and right that its magnificent work should be recognized. To the outsider whose sole idea is to see the boys in the trenches receive the rewards of victory, it seems that Cooper is fairly entitled to the position.

From the Winchester Sun.]

Spencer Cooper, the presiding genius of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, is an applicant for the office of Master Commissioner of the Wolfe County Circuit Court, and he ought to have it. No man in all that region of country did more for Judge Redwine than did the talented editor of the HERALD, and he is deserving at least of this small reward. He is entirely competent, and we cannot doubt that his appointment would give complete satisfaction.

From the Clay City Chronicle.]

The editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD wants to be Master Commissioner of the Wolfe County Circuit Court. As there is nothing too good for a "print" he ought to receive the plum.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Capt. D. J. Pendleton, of Clark, furnishes the following rule for measuring hay in the stack: "As I am so often asked by persons who buy and sell hay, in regard to my rule for measuring and calculating the contents of hay in stack, if you will give a little space in your paper, I will give in brief, terms my rule. Take the perpendicular height of the stack in yards, by using a rectangular standard. Measure the circumference of the stack at the bottom in yards, and calculate from that the diameter of same. Square the diameter and multiply it by $\frac{1}{4}$ one-third of the perpendicular height. If the stack has been standing from 3 to 6 months, then multiply the above product by .0524, which will give the tons in the stack. If the stack has been standing from 6 to 9 months, multiply by .0542. If the stack has been standing from 9 to 12 months, multiply by .0561."

New York proposes to add \$300,000 to the sum already appropriated for the World's Fair exhibit. Yet Kentucky, with so much to show, is higgling over \$100,000. Surely our Legislature will no longer hesitate to pass the law giving this money. There never was so universal a demand for financial legislation. Upon what good grounds can the Legislature hesitate when the taxpayers are urging this grant? We have had enough talking and dodging. Meet the issue squarely, and either pass the act or publish that the State has neither public spirit nor pride. There is no opposition anywhere to this donation, and there can be no satisfactory reason for refusing to longer meet the popular demand.

When Mr. Carlisle goes into the Cabinet, Gov. Brown, ex-Governor Knott, ex-Gov. McCreary, ex-Gov. Buckner, ex-Chief Justice Lindsay, ex-Chairman Castleman, National Committeeman Sherry and Congressmen Stone and Goodnight are going to the Senate; Harry Gorin, of Barren; John Hendrick, of Lexington; Owens, of Scott, and Bronston and Mulligan, of Fayette, are going to Congress, and Mitch Alford, of Middlesex, will become Governor. When the setting up of a single brick will thus set up a whole row of bricks, it would be heartless cruelty in the lump of clay in the first part to refuse to sit. Of course, Carlisle goes into the Cabinet.—Louisville Times.

In striking contrast to the stinginess of the late lamented Mr. Gould is the liberality of Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard oil millionaire. It is announced that he has given an additional million dollars to his former munificent sums for the endowment fund of the Chicago University, which promises to be the most extensive institution of the kind in the world. The total amount now given by Mr. Rockefeller to this institution is \$3,000,000. He has also been very liberal in his contributions to the Baptists, of which denomination he is a consistent member.—Covington Commonwealth.

The powers that be at present in South Carolina have passed a bill heavily taxing banks and corporations. In retaliation, the banks are reducing their taxable property by a novel method. The National Bank of Newberry has declared a dividend of 50 per cent, thus reducing their surplus by about \$75,000, and other banks will follow their example. It is believed that all corporations in the State will greatly reduce their capital stock.—Covington Commonwealth.

It has been agreed among all the Senators in the city that, in the future, Senator Wortham shall be called upon to make all motions to adjourn that body. Lieut.-Gov. Alford certifies that the Senator from Grayson can and does move to adjourn with more grace and real effort than any other member of the Senate, a fact which was demonstrated when that body resembled last Monday.—Frankfort Capital.

HE HAD THE PEDIGREE.

A Pedigree That Was Gotten Up On the Best Blood Lines.

A man by the name of Holden, of Cincinnati, wanted to sell a Winchester Ky. man a horse. Holden said he purchased the horse in Winchester. The Kentucky man wanted to see the pedigree of the horse. Holden showed it to him. Here is the pedigree:

Bay Horse, Blue Grass, foaled in 1887; sire Black Sampson, dam Young Phyllis; Black Sampson by Breastplate dam Lady Wacey, Young Phyllis by Blue Jeans, dam Mattie J.; Mattie J. by Cyclone Wilkes, dam Miss Tormentor; Miss Tormentor by Tuscarora II, dam Ada V.; Breastplate by Frank, dam Jellies by Bucephalus by Sir William, dam Eulalia.

The Kentuckian didn't say a word when he finished reading the list of ancestral dignitaries, for he was speechless.

"Who gave you this?" he asked, as soon as he could articulate.

"A gentleman by the name of Oliver, in Winchester—Jim Oliver, I think they called him," replied the guileless Buckeye. "I bought the horse from another man, and Mr. Oliver made the pedigree out for me afterward. Why? Isn't it all right?"

"Oh yes," said the Kentuckian, "Oh yes." It's one of the most remarkable pedigrees our State can furnish.

Something in the Kentuckian's tone worried Davis.

"Here," he said, "there's something wrong with that. Tell me what it is."

"Well, I'll tell you if you'll set up a bottle of champagne."

The Cincinnati agreed, and the Kentuckian took the list and ran over it.

"There is nothing the matter with the name of your horse," said he.

"Indeed, Blue Grass is a very good name for a horse; but Black Sampson is, or was when he was living, a jackass; Young Phyllis was a shorthorn cow; Breastplate was a shorthorn bull; Lady Wacey was a famous saddle mare; Blue Jeans was a famous saddle horse; Mattie J. is a pacing mare; Cyclone Wilkes is a trotting stallion, owned in Bourbon county; Miss Tormentor was a Jersey cow; Tuscarora II is a gray mule down on Four mile; Ada V. is a steamboat on the Kentucky River; Frank is a yellow dog in Simpson's livery stable; Jellies is an old mare mule in one of Bro's coal carts; Bucephalus is a gelding they drive to the Winchester horse show; Princess is a Berkshire sow; Sir William is Rodney Haggard's goat, and Eulalia is one of Dr. Wash Miller's Southdown ewes.

The Kentuckian took a long breath and the Cincinnati took a lot of short ones in rapid succession.

"Well, I'll be d—d," he said slowly and went right away to the Kentuckian to the nearest place where they could get a bottle, and he remarked with the air of a man finding out something.

"You can't most always tell about a pedigree by the way it looks on paper, can you?" and the Kentuckian shook his head gravely.

Although the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wyoming was elected by a official majority of 1,781, he was forced to carry his election at the polls and again in the Courts before his Republican predecessor would turn the office over to him. The Supreme Court issued a peremptory mandamus Saturday requiring the Stat canvassers to count the vote as cast and returned, and thus enabled the legally elected Governor to assume his position, and also relieves all doubts as to the political complexion of the Legislature. It will be Democratic by three majority and a Democratic U. S. Senator will follow.—Danville Advocate.

The meanest of all dead beats is the fellow who reads the newspaper three or four years, and when requested to pay takes refuge behind a plea that he ordered a discontinuance. That's simple plain, old fashioned stealing, and there is lots of it done.—Cynthians Democrat.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp. THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over \$4,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

Mr. J. I. Carr, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) Racine, Wis., says: "After trying every known remedy, I purchased a large bottle of QUINN'S OINTMENT, from a 2 year old boy, with three applications of QUINN'S OINTMENT. It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us 25c stamp or silver for trial box.

W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

TRY IT

Furniture, Carpets and Rugs!

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY! Men are talking about who shall be the next President, Tariff Reform, &c., but the ladies are talking of the Fine Furniture and how cheap they can buy it from

Geo. W. Robinson, . . . Campton, Ky.

I have just added to my stock of General Merchandise the largest and most complete line of Furniture ever brought to this country, and will make prices as low as can be had at Winchester or Lexington. No chance and see goods and get prices before buying elsewhere. Truly yours, GEO. W. ROBINSON.

EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.

Mrs. Bantham-James, I wish you would tell that big, ill-mannered fellow on the other side of the car to quit staring at me in that impudent manner.

Mr. Bantham (after a careful scrutiny of the other man)—I don't think I shall be mean myself, Mary Jane, by seeming to be on speaking terms with such a looking man.—Chicago Tribune.

Aside from his prostitution of the patronage to the service of his own interests and of the supposed interests of his party Mr. Harrison flew in the face of enlightened public opinion when he identified his administration with the "spoils system" and the wicked force bill. It was the habit of republican organs, and orators in the recent campaign to eulogize his administration as a "clean" one, and to claim that the democratic press and the democratic speakers admitted it to be such. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. The democratic press, in its consideration of the president's sad domestic affliction, the spokesman of the democratic party, through the press

Post.—Stuffed or unstuffed, Mr. Cleveland is a prophet who has led his people out of the land of bondage, and who promises to guide their steps until they shall have entered a land in which the good things of the world shall be more equitably distributed, so far as that equity depends upon honest and prudent administration. As in the past, he now promises nothing which to wise men seems impossible of attainment, and through rain, hail or shine he may be relied upon to do the full duty of a man—just, wise, sincere man.—Baltimore News

Send 5c. for circulars and testimonials. Address Dr. D.W.F. REXTER, McVicker's Theatre Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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The Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : Jan. 13, 1893.

CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

H. C. EVANS, of Chattanooga, has just been appointed First Assistant Postmaster General.

THE Danville Advocate is now published as a tri-weekly, and is one of the spiciest exchanges that reaches our sanctum.

JOHN G. CARLISLE will certainly accept the Secretary of the Treasury, is the last news we have from Washington, and it seems authentic enough. Who will be his successor?

Our newspaper friends who have recently manifested an interest in our preference for the position of Master Commissioner will ever be gratefully remembered. Such little tokens of kindness make us feel that life is still worth living.

JOHN M. ATIERTON, the big whisky man, it is now understood will be a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Carlisle. But Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge should be the man, if he wants it. If not, Judge Wm. Lindsay or some other good man should have it.

THE probable acceptance of the Treasury portfolio by Senator John G. Carlisle, brings to the front the fact that but three Kentuckians have heretofore been so honored. They were George M. Bibb, under President Tyler, James Guthrie, under Pierce, and Gen. Bristow, under Grant.

THE serious illness of James G. Blaine is again reported from Washington, and with the last report comes the announcement that his intimate family no longer hope for his recovery. A close personal friend of the sick man says, "Mr. Blaine has not had a connected thought for thirty days past." He thinks the end is near, and says the patient long since realized it, when he sent for Dr. I. S. Hamlin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. The minister prayed by his bedside, and has since visited the sick room several times. A nation hourly watches anxiously for news, and the hearts of 60,000 people throb in sympathy with the distinguished sufferer.

THE news reached Louisville the latter part of last week that Wm. H. Pope, the defaulting teller of the Louisville City National Bank, was under arrest at Starke, Fla. The vice-president of the bank and Detective Daily at once left for the place, where they had a long talk with the man. He resembled the man they wanted, in many particulars, but was not Pope. The gentlemen at once returned to Louisville, and a very significant circumstance is that the bank officials withdrew the reward of \$5,000 offered for the fugitive's arrest. Is he the man after all, and is the bank working a scheme to beat the orange-land sheriff out of his reward? The suddenness with which the reward was withdrawn is a little peculiar, to say the least. Pope got away with about \$70,000 three years ago, and if the Florida find is not him he is still at large and maybe spending his wealth in some sunny clime.

COUNTY AND NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

LEE CITY LOCALS.

LEE CITY, Wolfe county, Jan. 9.—Mrs. Mahala Elam, near this place, who passed away from this life last Thursday evening leaves a host of friends to mourn her loss.

The engine of the steam mill at this place, that was taken to Maytown to be repaired, has been returned and will be ready again this week for business.

By the way, some of our boys is a "twine" to get 'em one a piece. You had better bet they don't want anything said about 'em.

John Tolson, who has been a long sufferer died last week. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss.

"Good old Joe" goes into the mill business here this morning.

William Holiday, of White Oak, is visiting at this place.

Rev. W. L. Lacy preached here Saturday and Sunday.

Logan Lindon opened a select school here this morning. By AND BY.

GRASSY (MORGAN COUNTY) GRISTS.

GRASSY CREEK, Jan. 9.—Married—On Dec. 22nd, Hubert Nickell to Miss Ella Gillespie. Attendants were John E. Nickell and John Ellen Caskey. Taud Nickell and Rosa Caskey. Rev. Isaac Murphy officiated. May they live long and be happy and may their pathway ever be strewn with flowers.

Died—At her residence on Blackwater Morgan county Jan. 7th, Mrs. Susan Mannin, aged 100 years and some days. Aunt Sooky, as she was familiarly known, was loved by all who knew her.

Tom Roberts, living on Caney, had the misfortune on the 1st inst., to get his house burned and all its contents and \$300 in money. The house was insured for \$700.

Rev. W. L. Gevedon and others have been holding a protracted meeting on the Long branch for the past two weeks. Let the good work go on.

Frank Havens, of Omer, is on the sick list at his father-in-law's, Calvin Stamper's, near this place.

Died—On the 5th inst., at the residence of Samuel Cecil, Golda Florence Henry, of crump.

Caleb Williams has been employed as clerk in the store of Goodpater & Stamper at this place.

Miss Ellen Williams, of this place, is visiting friends and relatives on Caney.

Born—To the wife of Cyrus Perry, a girl. BUSY BEK.

ST. HELENS SAYINGS.

ST. HELENS, Lee county, Jan. 9.—Circuit court is in session at Beattyville. The grand jury found an indictment of murder against Grant Godfrey and Jim Scrivner (col.), for the killing of D. R. Word (col.), at Beattyville some time since. Godfrey has been tried and sentenced for life in the State prison. The trial of Scrivner will commence this week.

W. H. Simms and lady gave a nice turkey dinner last Sunday. Quite a number of our towns folk were invited, including your correspondent, but owing to the inclemency of the weather we could not attend.

In an article some time ago we stated that Miss Lizzie McEwan was engaged to teach school here. We have learned since that Miss Pattie Wilson is going to teach.

H. C. Duff (Potter) of Charies, Perry county, was in our midst last week en route to Beattyville to attend court.

Tom Maupin was fined \$50 for Sabbath breaking last week, and Jack Duergan was fined \$75 for concealed weapons.

D. B. Hobbs has just returned from Frankfort, where he has been as a witness in court.

Thomas Bush killed a large wildcat at Gray Bend last week.

The Kentucky river has been froze over for several days. LORENA

A Wonderful Success.

Mr. C. E. Griffin a prominent horseman who resides at Minetto, N. Y., writes as follows. "About three months ago I sent to you for a trial box of Quinn's Ointment. After applying according to directions, I found that it had stopped the growth and killed a bone spavin on a two year old colt. Furthermore the mildness of this remedy is highly remarkable and for removing blemishes and other blemishes, Quinn's Ointment is the best preparation I know of." Horsemen who desire a wonderful success for removing blemishes should use Quinn's Ointment. Trial box will be sent upon receipt of 25 cents silver or stamps. Regular size \$1.50 delivered. Address W. B. Eddy & Co., Whitehall, N. Y., unless you can obtain from your druggist.—For sale by Rose & Jones.

A Letter From A Prominent Louisville Banker.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. April 22, 1892.—Messrs. DuBois & Webb, Fourth and Jefferson, City, Gentlemen:—I seldom use my Electropole now, for the reason that I have little requirement for it, but occasionally try it with good effect in maintaining normal vitality. Three years ago, when I first tried it, I was a good deal worn down by close application and overwork, and I believed that, as I do now, I could obtain a positive service to me. Very respectfully,

J. H. LINDENBERGER, Pres. Merchants Nat. Bank. 20 page book free.

BLURT AGAIN BLURTS, And Tells of Strange Things He Saw In a Vision.

KEEL, Jan. 9.—Moreover the spirit of American politics continued to instruct me, and in the last days of the reign of Ben, the Omega, while I lay upon my couch in the night time I saw in a vision, a great and turbulent river with foaming waves rolling high and roaring with a great noise, and it's course was through the whole earth, and I said what is meant by the river? And the spirit said, it was peoples and nations striving for ruler, and I heard a noise on the north side of the river and I looked and saw a creature of great size come up out of the water on to the dry land having the body of a porcupine and the head and neck of a goose. The spikes on the body were of very great length and size, and I was afraid of the monster, but the spirit said he was not afraid for the creature cannot find you as it is blind. And I said what is it, and why is it blind? And the spirit said it's name is Republicanism. Just then I saw a man among the spikes of the creature and he was pulling the spikes to still greater length and the creature wigged and grunted much, and the man's face glittered like new tin, and he rebuked the creature, and spoke great swelling words, saying you must bear it, and after two years you will see the beauty of it. And I said who is the man and what is these quills or spikes for? And the spirit said the man is Billy McKinley, and he is using the spikes for protection, and as for the eyes being out, the creature made war in 1890 with a Democratic rooster and the rooster spurred him in the left eye putting it out. Then in 1892, at Chicago the monster attempted to put tariff salt on the rooster's tail, that he might get him, but the rooster let him have it in the other eye. So the creature seeketh some one to lead him, but findeth him not. And I noticed that the head and bill of the creature was the embodiment of great strength and force, and the bill all the time pointed toward the north like the needle of a compass, and I said why is this? And the spirit said because there is no attraction in the south for a force bill. Then the monster seemed to be very sick, even sick unto death, and it stretched its neck out on the ground and I saw a lump come up in its neck and at other times was like a serpent when he both swallowed a toad. And presently the creature spewed up a man who wigged about in the short, short time and gave up the ghost and I said who is the man and what was the matter? And the spirit said that was Ethan Spike. He proved to be a hypocrite as sometimes he claimed to be a Republican, at other times a Democrat from Spoonerville. He also gave out that him elf was some great one, and deceived many, and on account of his politics gossiping the people called him Ethan the "Quindance." Such characters are indigestible. Remember Jonah.

Then I saw some People's party folks carrying farming tools, such as axes, scythes, hoes, &c., upon their shoulders and they cut off it's head and neck close to the body. They also cut off all the quills or spikes, feet and tail, and when it was finished it very much resembled an egg. In fact they considered it as such, and they prepared a great nest (platform) and rolled the egg into it and sent for Weaver the "Oologist" to hatch the egg, so they inflated Weaver with small to fit the nest and do the egg justice. Now you know these folks have a knack at making a great spread over their doings, so they inflated Weaver with political gashill he was the required size, and he entered upon his task. It will require about four years to hatch the egg. They will then select a name for their new creature of destiny.

BLURT.

Hazel Green Academy

The School resumes work on

Monday, January 2, 1893.

Many new pupils will enroll then, and that is the best time to enter, as the daily schedule will be changed. Do not wait until the beginning of the third term, January 23rd.

Our departments are all complete. Our Teachers' Course is the best in Eastern Kentucky.

Our Business Course is the best to be found outside of regular business colleges, and the rates of tuition are much less (only \$2 per month, and you can take any other studies you may desire, without extra cost). Boarding at the Academy Home \$2 per week.

Tuition \$2 per month. Music (instrumental) 50c; (vocal) 25c, a lesson.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

(SIGHT IS PRICELESS)

And all who would retain it should consult

OTIS W. SNYDER,

DEALER IN

SPECTACLES,

DIAMONDS,

JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

NORTH UPPER STREET,

LEXINGTON, KY.

The best oculist in the State is with this house, and prices on everything the lowest. Call on him when in Lexington.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable : Horse : Stock!

—(TO CLOSE PARTNERSHIP)—

On Wednesday, February 15th, 1893.

FLOYD DAY, junior member of the firm of J. T. Day & Co., has decided to withdraw from the firm on account of his business engagements at Clay City and other points along the K. U. R. R. The said firm will, therefore, be dissolved by mutual agreement at an early date; or, so soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

All the business of the firm must now be closed up, and, as a first step toward it, we will offer for sale on the above day and date, on the Fair Grounds, in Hazel Green, the following property, to wit: Our celebrated

POST BOY & GOLD DUST STALLIONS,

And,— GEN. JOHN MORGAN,

The best Jack in Kentucky! This stock is known by reputation throughout the mountain and blue-grass counties. Their breeding is second to none. Also,—

14 head of 3 and 4 y. o. Mules
1 3-year old Post Boy horse
1 1-year old Post Boy filly.
1 5-year old fine blooded mare, in foal by Post Boy.
1 6-year old fine harness gelding, rich in color, fine style.
Track Sulkies, Break Carts, Road Carts, Buggies, &c.; Harness, double and single, and all rigging and fixtures necessary in training horses.

It will be remembered that we have done an unlimited crediting business and have a large outstanding debt which must be closed. All parties indebted to us, either by note or account, must call and settle. Those having open accounts are in particular requested to come forward and close them up at once, otherwise we will be forced to place your notes and accounts in the hands of an officer. We now have an overstock of a great many lines of goods, which we will sell for Cash or Produce without regard to original cost, but we can not and will not sell any more goods on time until the business of this firm is closed and the dissolution fully completed.

TERMS OF SALE

Will be Twelve (12) months time, with approved security for all sums over (\$25) Twenty-five Dollars; under that amount cash in hand. Respectfully, &c.

J. T. DAY & CO.

A VALUABLE FARM THE MAYTOWN MILL CO. FOR SALE!

As agent of the owner, I offer for sale, at private contract, a valuable farm in Morgan county, Ky., containing

108 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

This farm is located 6 miles east of Hazel Green, on the road leading from Bethelton church to West Liberty, and is only one-half mile from the church building. Adjoining the place is the public school building for the district. There is a 3-room dwelling on the place, in good repair, and a good barn 30x40 feet.

Sixty acres of the land is cleared and the remainder covered with a virgin forest of Oak, Pine, Poplar, &c.

There is a splendid well of water and a fine young orchard of 50 bearing apple trees on the place.

Will buy the place: \$500 in cash and balance in one and two years with equal notes at 6 per cent. well secured.

For further particulars address SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

Fashionable Dressmaking.

I am now prepared to cut, fit and make dresses and other garments in the latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed and prices reasonable. Also, teach the art of cutting and fitting by chart. Respectfully,

MRS. F. N. DAY.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

FLOYD DAY.

J. T. DAY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices

of any house in Eastern Kentucky. Live Stock, Saw Logs, School Claims and Country Produce taken in exchange for goods or on notes and accounts.

FEDER, SILBERBERG & CO.,

113 & 115 W. Third Street, - CINCINNATI, O.

Wholesale CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS.

Represented by M. F. BRINKLEY.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY and PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order.



The Herald.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.	
1 inch, 12 months	\$ 7 50
2 inches, "	12 50
3 inches, "	15 00
4 inches, "	18 75
5 inches, "	22 00
6 inches, "	25 00
Address	SPENCER COOPER,
	Hazel Green, Ky.

Old papers for sale at this office at 20¢ per 100.

The Wolfe Circuit Court will begin on Monday next.

Peter E. Gullett, on Red river, has pneumonia fever.

Geo. W. Nickell, of Lacy Creek, is sick with catarrhal fever.

The next term at the Academy will begin Monday the 23rd.

If you want bargains call on Vic Bloomfield, Winchester, Ky.

Mrs. Ellen Pieratt has our thanks for a "poke" of nice sausage.

Mrs. B. G. Jones, who has been quite ill for sometime, is improving.

Wes. Isom, the colored porter at the Day House, is quite sick with fever.

The twin infant girl of W. W. Ringo and wife, died Wednesday night, Jan. 11th.

Lee Br oks' little girl, Mary, has intermittent fever. Dr. Taulbee is attending her.

Dr. Taulbee reports the birth of a girl, Cox Taulbee, to the wife of Alonzo Clark, of Toliver.

The Hazel Green mill, is now announced, will be ready to do custom grinding Saturday.

Thomas Troy, book-keeper for J. T. Day & Co., leaves today for Clay City and other points.

Mrs. John H. Campbell, who has been sick with rheumatism for a month or more, is improving.

A long letter from Lee City is unavoidably crowded out of this issue but will appear next week.

Rev. James M. Little has moved into town and occupies the property recently vacated by Josh Debusk.

Every county in the mountains should be represented at the Road Convention at Lexington on the 17th inst.

W. T. Swango on Monday had the fine mare shot which crippled herself a few weeks ago. She cost Willie \$125.

Candidates for assessor should avail of the opportunity to announce for \$3. They will never have a better chance.

Alex Lacy, of Lacy Creek, brother of our fellow-townsmen A. P. Lacy, has been quite sick, but at present is much better.

The thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero on Wednesday morning. How is that for this "glorious climate of old Kaintuck."

Mrs. John Howerton has our thanks for a cake of nice complexion or shaving soap, the receipt of which we should have acknowledged some weeks since.

One of our townsmen, Thomas Troy, has called our attention to the fact that it began snowing on Dec. 20th, and since that time we have had snow with us continuously.

E. C. Wells, of Neosho, Mo., who moved from this county a number of years ago, and a brother to Mrs. Lucinda Ingram, who recently moved to Texas, died of heart failure on Wednesday, Jan. 4th.

The attention of our merchants is directed to the advertisement of I. Dingfelder, representing J. M. Robinson & Co., Louisville, Ky. Mr. Dingfelder sends greetings to his many friends in this section, and asks their future favors.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of J. T. Day & Co., to be found in this issue of our paper. To close the partnership they will offer for sale on Feb. 15th, 1893, their two celebrated stallions—Post Boy Jr. and Gold Dust—and Gen. John Morgan, conceded to be the best jack in the State. Besides these there are several other valuable horses, some fine mules, and a lot of training stable equipments. This sale offers a fine opportunity especially to some practical horse trainer, and the right man could make an independent fortune in a short time.

To such a man the training barn and track would be rented on easy terms. Both the horses and the jack show fine colts, and any man with a little means and plenty of push could soon establish here a breeding and training establishment equal to any in the State.

From a private letter from Mrs. Eliza Swango, we learn that Mrs. Ava Rosenheim, nee Higginbotham, died at Withville, Va., Dec. 27, 1892, aged 25 years. The deceased was a niece of Mrs. Judge Swango, whom she visited at this place about six years ago, and while here won the love of all our citizens. A short time afterward she married a Mr. Rosenheim, who, with two children, survives her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, and in all relations of life—wife, mother and neighbor—an exemplary christian. The news of her death will be read here with profound regret, for nearly all of our citizens had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and none knew her but to love her.

The following pupils from a distance have enrolled recently at the Academy: Charles and Morgan French, Charles Welch, Eugene Atkinson, Miss Sallie French and Miss Anna Conlee, Stanton; W. L. Hammond, Hager; D. M. Keeter, Lykins; U. B. and J. D. Allen, White Oak; J. P. Salver and J. S. Adams, Liekburg; A. C. Jones, William Stephenson, and Miss Lizzie Tipton, Daysborough; Harden Hurst, Paxton; Henry Murphy and C. F. Kash, Toliver.

Uncle Joe Amyx, one of the oldest citizens of our county, and known far and wide as a land surveyor in years gone by, died at his residence in this county, on Saturday morning last, of catarrh of the stomach. We are not informed as to his age, but he was quite an old man, and has been in feeble health for a long time. He leaves a wife and a large family of children, grown, to mourn his death.

This is pretty good: Representative Kendall to the Courier-Journal correspondent—"My part of the State has never had a United States Senator."

"But you are not old enough to take the office."
"Yes. I know that, but I would be by the time I get it," was the gloomy reply.

W. H. Dobusk and some of his pupils of Ezel, will render the play "Ruined by Drink" at the Hazel Green Academy on Saturday night the 14th, inst. Admission ten cents. Proceeds to be used for the benefit of the school. The play is good and promises to be well received. Doors open at 6:30 p. m. Play begins at 7 p. m.

Spencer Cooper, of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, wants to be Master Commissioner of the Wolfe Circuit Court. He did valuable service for Judge Rodwine, and if the Judge was inclined to another, his sense of gratitude would lead him to the appointment of Mr. Cooper.—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

Those people who like to save money, and who is it that does not, will be delighted to hear that Vic Bloomfield, the wide-awake Winchester merchant, is now selling men's, boy's, and children's clothing, shoes, etc., cheaper than ever before heard of.

Daniel James, wife and child, who were visiting relatives and friends here, and left last week for home, are now at Mt. Sterling. Mrs. James and the baby have measles and are under the treatment of Dr. Breck Taulbee.

John Pieratt gives the following as the census of our town: Population, 301; hogs, 132; sheep, 80; cattle, 83; horses and mules, 94; dogs, 42.

STATE NEWS.

Gustavus Renabaw, a farmer of Christian county, was killed Monday by the limb of a falling tree.

The two-year-old daughter of Henry Eggleston was burned to death at Lexington by its clothing igniting at a grate fire.

Belle Sutherland, Colroese, Spencer county, has the distinction of being the first postmaster appointed for Kentucky in 1893.

John S. Harrison, of Chicago, will have to stand trial at Covington for the murder of Harry McGreevy while on a spree.

Ermine, 2:13 1/4, sold at Lexington Monday for \$7,700. The 48 head sold brought \$31,085; average \$648. Our mountain farmers should raise trotters.

The destruction at Covington, Newport and Cincinnati to the shipping interests amounts to \$500,000. Tons of floating ice sunk boats, barges and coal fleets as if they were egg-shells.

Wm. J. Stone, the new Governor of Missouri, like his predecessor, Gov. Dave Francis, is a native Kentuckian, and so is Claude Matthews, the Governor of Indiana. It is unnecessary to note that both are Democrats.

A Distant Friend.

GATESVILLE, TEXAS, Jan. 4.—MR. SPENCER COOPER, editor of the HERALD: Please find enclosed \$1 for your valuable paper for one year. I have taken your paper three years. I had rather read my old home paper than all the papers printed in the Lone Star State. With success to THE HERALD and its readers. R. C. LYKINS.



SEEK FOR WATCHES, JEWELRY and SPECTACLES of me. I will furnish you honest goods as cheap as you can buy them anywhere. Respectfully,
T. F. CARR, JEWELER,
EZEL, KENTUCKY.

WE WILL PAY

The Highest

MARKET PRICES

FOR FURS

AND SKINS

OF ALL KINDS.

Come on with your Skins and get your Money.

Office: Near C. & O. Depot.

E. RENAKER & CO.
WINCHESTER, KY.

WM. B. LOCAN,
Druggist and Bookseller,
WINCHESTER, KY.

Mail orders promptly attended to, and your patronage is desired. Call when in the city. 425/2m

TABLER'S PILE
BUCKEYE
+ OINTMENT +
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

Prepared by RICHARDSON-CATTON MED. CO., KY. FACTS.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST.

EZEL, KY.

ANOTHER BIG CUT IN PRICES.

I have a few goods left from E. C. Curry's stock, which I purchased from the Assignee.

PRICES ARE NO OBJECT!

Bal. left of E. & W. Collars,—Curry's Price, \$.25—Our Price, \$.75	
Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, " .75 " " .49	
" " Laundered " " 1.25 " " .75	
Children's Shirts Waists, " " .35 " " .08	
Men's Night Shirts, " " 1.25 " " .65	
Men's Yushman Stiff Hats, " " 5.00 " " 2.75	
Men's Fur Hats, " " 2.00 " " 1.25	
Men's Soft Hats, " " 1.50 " " .98	
Men's Crusher Hats, " " .75 " " .48	

Men's Cape Overcoats, " \$15.00—Our Price, \$8.50	
" " " " 10.00 " " 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Chinchilla Overcoats, " 12.50—Cut in Two, 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Kersey Overcoats, " 15.00 " " 7.50	
Boy's Overcoats, 5, 6, 7 and 10 yrs. old, " 3.00 " " 1.50	
Men's Fine Suits, " 25.00 " " 15.00	
Men's Fine Suits, " 15.00 " " 8.50	
Our Men's Fine Shoes, " 5.00 " " 3.95	
" " " " 3.00 " " 1.95	
" " " " 2.50 " " 1.25	

This grand sale will last until every dollar's worth is sold. Come early, before the rush. You will make big money by buying now.

VIC BLOOMFIELD,
LEADING CLOTHIER,

White Front, next door to Clark County Bank, WINCHESTER, KY.

LADIES' CLOAKS AT COST!

ROSE & JONES,
OF HAZEL GREEN,
THANKFUL for the patronage of the past and hoping to still further merit your favors, wish you and yours, "A happy, happy new year," and at the same time desire to announce that Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks, Gents' Winter Clothing, etc., are be closed out this month
AT COST, FOR THE CASH.
This is the best opportunity you have ever had to buy reasonable goods at low prices.

GREEN, HUFFAKER & CO.,
WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

HAZEL GREEN, Ky., May 10, 1892.
To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green:
We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are prepared at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c., **J. T. DAY & CO.,**
Represented by ED. GREEN. Hazel Green, Ky.

GRAND OPENING
— AT THE —
ENGLISH KITCHEN
No. 12, W. Short St., : Lexington, Ky.
Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.
CUS LUIGART, Proprietor.

FIRST-CLASS : JOB : PRINTING

At this office at second-class rates. Give us a call when you want printing and save money. REFERENCE—Any and everybody we have done work for in the past.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, 111 N. KY.

BECKY'S QUERY.

Dear grandmammas, when you were young, did you ever have a courtship?
Did you feel sure when you loved a fellow?
Or did you let it slip away?
Did grandpas give you roses fair?
To deck your gown, or tinge your hair?
Did everybody whisper: "There!
The man has made a courtship!"

How did you know, dear grandmammas, what the man was coming for?
When grandpas came a-courting?
Were there no other signs a-coming?
To see your heart, and soothe your hair?
Did you not sometimes whisper: "Why
Will people come a-courting!"

How wise, dear grandmammas, were you,
When grandpas came a-courting?
Suppose I had a lover, too—
Of course it is not really true—
Whatever, dear grandmammas,
If it were one came a-courting?

—Mary O. Emmens, in Boston Budget.



BY T. C. DE LEON.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"And I only reason," Miss Clay came to the rescue, "that the general would not have let me come, unwarmed, had he really looked for a raid from the river."

"When did this scout Capers come in?" the Carolinian asked suddenly.

"Yesterday at six, sir," Fauntleroy answered.

"Miss Clay was called yesterday," Miss Clay, Greene replied.

"I got it at noon," the girl answered, adding quickly, as though to avoid shadow of suspicion of her hero: "The general was not in camp when we left. He and his chief rode off with Capers an hour after his return."

"The snow was beginning to fall more rapidly now,—though not yet a decided storm. They came suddenly round a bend in the road; one misty shadow crossed the gray gleaming haze before them,—a sudden change of arms,—and the officer spurred ahead as the challenge rang out. Greene bent over his horse's neck, quickly replied to the sergeant, and next moment the little party was galloping by, the flakes falling crisp and cold, but more rapidly now, and Evan, soldier-like, again dropping to the rear."

"What sort of horse did General Stuart ride?" Greene asked, suddenly, breaking silence.

"A heavy chestnut with white mane and tail," Miss Clay answered.

"And the chief of staff rode a big bay," the Carolinian added. "Those horses were in front of Gen. Hampton's column when I went for final instructions from Col. Fraser this morning. Fauntleroy," he turned in his saddle as the scout drew up, speaking less familiarly, and with authority in the tone, "a half-mile beyond is my advance post. How many miles further lies your 'Ferry'?"

"Seven, sir," the scout replied, promptly.

"Um! not an hour's spin. Keep your eyes about you, then. There may be strangers on the road. Miss Clay would prefer not to meet."

"All right, sir," Evan replied, confidently. "We both have good eyes, know every foot of the road, and both horses are good riders. We're as good at running as at fighting, sir. But thank you all the same."

"And again the scout fell into slow canter at the command, he touched his own with the spur, and turned back as the open road led to a clump of trees on the hilltop. The quick ears behind him caught the ring of arms brought to a 'ready,' then quickly back to a 'carry,' as he responded."

"This ends my line," he said to Fauntleroy. "But I'll ride a bit further with you, Miss Clay, and take a look up the road."

On again in silence for one mile—two—three. Then the Carolinian, with evident reluctance, drew rein.

"I can go no further," he said. "Good-by, Miss Clay; and God speed your mission! I only hope I may be again on picket when you come back with the medicines!"—he paused an instant, adding, significantly—"the news. Good-by, Mr. Fauntleroy, and good luck to you!" Then, with a parting grasp of the hand to each, the officer wheeled his horse and galloped back, as the venturesome comrades sped away, far beyond the confederate lines.

CHAPTER II.

A RACE FOR FREEDOM.

"That's a soldier and a gentleman, Cousin Caro," Evan said, as they spun along. "Good taste, too, hasn't he? 'Pon my word! he seemed hard but in the dark, too! And the light-hearted fellow laughed, as though war were not and enemies were dead of only in the fairy tales!"

"Don't be a goose, Evan!" Miss Clay retorted, half amused in spite of her anxiety. "And don't make such a noise. What a boy you are! Do you know," she added, seriously, "an really worried about this news?"

"If Gen. Job had only been in camp! Oh, Evan, should I miss that boat-to-night, Fairfax maybe before I can get over and back! And poor mother! You know how worn and nervous she is with nursing and anxiety. Should she chance to hear of Yankees on the road, her fears would conjure up capture, prison—worse—for me!"

"Why, coz, what's the use of borrowing trouble? See that fork away to the left? That is but three miles to 'the Ferry'; and the horses are as fresh as 'twine!"

"What is that glow over by the river, to the right? No, there!" Miss Clay broke in, pointing impatiently.

A faint, pinkish glow showed dimly through the whirling snowflakes—a steady glow, rather than a light. The scout gazed steadily in the direction awhile, then answered, placidly:

"Northern lights, maybe; but I'm no dab at astronomy. Seems pretty low, though. Perhaps there's brush afire in that bottom."

"It is a fire," the girl replied. "See! It expands and falls. Evan, can it be a campfire?"

"Not much," he answered, lightly. "We're way beyond our lines and surely no Yankees could camp so near them without our scouts' knowledge."

By Jove, Cousin Caro, I really believe the legion man has made you out."

"Caution and nervousness are not akin, as an older soldier would know," Miss Clay retorted, rather coldly. "I have too much at stake to risk any danger I can avoid. Oh, Evan, I must get to Baltimore to-morrow!"

"And so you shall, my dear, brave girl!" the boy answered, confidently. "See that open hilltop just beyond?"

"From that we strike the last fork of this trail—good road and a short mile down hill—to 'the Ferry.' It can't be much past midnight; and old Pete has orders to wait till the very last minute he dares, before dawn. Brace up, coz. You've been over this same trail three times!"

"And never felt a shadow of doubt before," she interrupted, adding, with a sigh that would come: "It is because I have so much more at stake than ever before. But it is nearly over, thank God!"

The teaming horses breasted the hill bravely and reached the open crest. An easy slope led away into a broad, white road, now well carpeted with winter's wool. Just at its foot a narrow belt of trees stood away to the left, being the black river plain visible from the bold bluffs to the right, and through those trees cut a narrow road, dark and dismal though the broader gleam of the snow haze, now scarce less light than day.

"There! Ellis' fork—just one mile to the landing!" cried the scout, as they raced at speed down the sandy slope bravely away to the bounding trail, the hoofbeats ringing no longer, but thudding dull on the dampened sand.

Suddenly with one impulse both riders wrenched their horses' mouths so fiercely as to bring them almost to their haunches. Then both sat like statues, their necks strained forward, ears bent eagerly towards the woods road, just ahead. In the dead stillness, the deep

tramp of hoofs was now plainly heard, cut by the clank of sabers—perhaps five or six—perhaps a score.

"Cavalry!" the scout whispered to the girl. "Probably our scouts; possibly—"

He hesitated only a second; but she calmly finished for him:

"If they're Yankees, they are feeling for a ride!" Evan whispered back. "They'll go east, over the road we came. We can cut through the woods road and dodge them in the bottom!"

"No! If they pass us, straight for 'the Ferry'!" The girl's whisper was calm, but its close, bell-like ring carried command not to be gained.

"The Ferry," then, if they pass us," the man replied, adding, quietly: "Put up that thing." He noted the motion of her hand, testing the chamber of a pistol; and by the gleam of white skin he dimly saw, too, that she had drawn the gauntlet from her pistol hand.

"Put that up, I say. If they be Yankees, they'll be sure to fight. Listen, for time is short!" The hoofs were

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commander that his prey had been so near—and missed!

Then the southern woman—like all her sisters, forgetful of danger, of self, of all save her love's labor—whispered: "Thank God! we can make 'the Ferry' now."

And in answer, clear and shrill and loud from the road beyond echoed the neigh of a horse; and ere Evan's quick hand could clutch the muzzle the roan had answered full and strong.

No time to lose now! One chance, and only one!

Quick! the woods road! Remember: South—the stone fence—old Isham! Quick! for yourself—for little Fairfax!

And in echo came from the road:

"Halt! Right about! Forward!"

Then March!

Instantly the girl wheeled her horse, trotting rapidly between trees for the narrow road—the reversed scouting-party moving fast towards them, guided by the neigh. Once she turned, cry:

"Come! Evan, you promised!"

And the boy answered, cheerily:

"Go on! Faster—for Fairfax's sake! I'm coming—adding through his teeth: 'Even I've held them back long enough to save you!'"

The thunder of close hoofs was opposite the scout; the federals, now at a charge, strung out as skirmishers along the road to hem in their answer for.

Without even a glance he knew that their carbines were unslung, and the less said would bring a volley to drop him out of saddle. From the vantage of his corner, he saw the first four dash by, straight for the little trail for which the girl was making, too.

Then came the officer, in full career; and Evan, quickly wheeling his horse, turned in the sand and fired at the flying shadows without—once, twice—as they came into view. Then came a halt, a rush of quick-changed hoofs, and the crisp click of the trees about him

halted round his ears, as six carbines simultaneously spoke that their cover was flushed. Through the snow-dimmed woods he saw them crash, he sitting motionless, half-turned in saddle, his left hand firmly feeling the bit.

His nose had told. He had drawn off pursuit from the girl; and even then his trained ear caught the beat of Blazer's hoofs upon the hard road behind. She had gained the trail and a quarter of a mile start. Now for himself; for the foremost federal was within twenty yards of his still unseen foe.

A flash of the heavy pistol, a sound betwixt a groan and a roar, and the Yankee's horse plunged forward to his knees, rolling his spur in the snow. A touch of the spur, a shake of the bit, and Evan's black—well-trained to that kind of work—shot forward, southward at half-speed, skimming tree-trunks desperately close, but choosing safety way wholly unguided, while urged ever by spur and voice.

Then came the pursuers, strung out through the dim woods, half-occupied by heavier mounts and ignorance of the way, yet gallantly pressing after the flying enemy—not knowing if he were one or a dozen.

Now and again the carbines rang, more than one chip of bark flying near the scout's head, and one bullet whistling close by his ear. But it was racing aim, and the wood was darker than warlike; so Evan struck the shortest long as he might, before striking out into the woods trail. He was gaining on the federals, too; and fainter still, told him that Carolyn Clay was past pursuit—was safe at last!

Into the road he dashed; into the road soon strung the pursuit; and with a yell and touch of both spurs the scout gave the black his head and reared for freedom.

Then, straight ahead rang out a distant shot—a pistol, his trained ear told Evan; and his heart grew as lead, for he knew that the federal had used the carbine. The girl had not lost one check—was fighting her way through!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERBIVOROUS FISH.

Carp That Eat Grass and Vegetable Growths.

The manager of the Laguna de Tache Ranch, says San Francisco Call, says the carp which were introduced into the Kings river a few years ago have grown so plentiful that they are thinning out the ducks and almost all other water fowl except the geese.

"They pervade the river in large numbers," said he, "and are very thick in the irrigating ditches. They seem to eat the grass. They devour the various kinds of small animal life, and though the ducks and water fowl dive down deep they can find little to eat."

"I cannot imagine what the United States fish commission was about in sending out such a coarse-fleshed, ravenous fish as these carp are. They are certainly worse to the fish than almost any fish we have in California and they are thinning the good fish out."

"Shoals of them are to be found in the water courses, the water, and there you can scoop them in. Some of them are very large. Plenty can be seen from a foot to two feet long."

"They eat the natural food of the duck, and as they are getting scarce, we need no more carp, and what we will do with those we have seems to me a great problem. They are breeding fast."

The Zulu women are the architects and builders of their own houses.

THE VENDETTA IN CORSICA.

A Cross Drawn on a Man's Door Is a Warning of Death.

The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsican who finds it drawn upon his door knows that he must look for no quarter. In the decrees forbidding the carrying of arms in certain districts exception is officially made in the case of persons notoriously en état d'innocence.

The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men.

Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. In 1856 one Joseph Antoine injured a girl named Sanfranchi. Thirty years passed, and the story was forgotten, but August 14, 1886, the nephew of Sanfranchi encountered Antoine on perhaps the first occasion he had ventured far from his house. He shot the man down like a dog.

Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses, built, as all Corsican houses are, like castles, with a porch, to go to the door for a moment to breathe the fresh air on the threshold a scout goes before and reconnoitres.

In the district of Sartene bands of armed men are sometimes met with in the road. It is a man en route traveling from one village to another. The vendetta between the Rocchini and the Tafari resulted in the death of eleven persons and the execution of one of the principal criminals.

In this extraordinary case two entire families took to the man and waged a guerrilla war upon each other. Each in turn was assisted by a guerrier, who had made disgraceful alliance with bandits in order to effect their arrests.

Contrary to custom some of these bandits became brigands. As a rule persons outside their quarrels are never molested by them. They are merely outlaws.

The Rocchini who was guillotined in 1888 (the first execution in many years) boasted that he was only twenty-two and had killed seven persons with his own hand. Confident of revenge he continued to regard himself as a hero until the day of his execution.

When all hope was gone he sank into the most abject state of cowardice, which lasted until the end—National Review.

—What It Was—The Boston girl was looking over an architect's drawing. "What is that?" she inquired. "A plan for the exit entrance to a residence."

"Ah," she remarked, "an ulterior design!"—Detroit Free Press.

A. M. Pures, Druggist at Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hart's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimony from every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Jewelry.—J. K. C. Jewelry, whose portrait is in your pocket? Mamie—Columbus—Jewelry Weekly.

A cure for nearly all the common ailments—Bach's Remedy. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

It is a strange paradox that fast colors are the most likely to run.—Boston Transcript.

SYRUP OF FIGS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitutes.

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Salvation Oil

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HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—A Good Sauce: One tablespoonful of currant jelly, three tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of vinegar, one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one-half teaspoon of mixed mustard, one-half teaspoon of salt. Let come to a boil, and pour over game, meat, etc.—Harper's Bazar.

—Ox-Tail Soup: Separate the joints, cut in thin round slices, cook slowly in water, skim off the fat and add carrots, turnips and onions, cut in small sections; boil half an hour, strain and serve with pieces of the ox-tail in each dish.—Ohio Farmer.

—Canned Salmon: If you prefer it heated, immerse it in a kettle of boiling water until heated through, or put it in the steamer over a kettle of boiling water; open and drain off all the liquid, then remove to a platter, taking out any skin or poor pieces. Garnish with parsley.—N. Y. Observer.

—Jumbles: Sift three pounds of flour into a large pan. Cut up one pound of butter into one pound of white sugar, and stir them to a cream. Beat five eggs very light, and pour them into the flour; next add the butter and sugar, with a tablespoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Mix all together with a broad knife. Having floured your hands and paste-board, make the dough into long balls of equal size, and form them into rings by joining the two ends together. Lay them on buttered tins, and bake them in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes. When taken from the oven, grate loaf-sugar over them.—Ohio Farmer.

—The usual city house is poorly adapted for a gathering where a paper is to be read, or interest for a similar cause centers in one spot. A clever housewife the other day utilized her Queen Anne staircase with good results in this regard. She had lent her house for a reception in aid of a charity at which a prominent woman was to read a paper. When the moment came the reader was discovered seated in a chair on the first landing in the wide hall, where raised three steps above her audience, she could be seen and heard by everybody in the surrounding rooms. A pretty effect was added by grouping the reception committee on the stairs and in a window niche just above her, and thus commanding and upheld she gave her paper. This may be a suggestion to others with such means at their disposal.—N. Y. Times.

DECORATED DISHES.

A Plan for Food that Looks as if to be Eaten.

Ornamentation is not cookery, although it judiciously carried out, it has a right to our attention as an offshoot of the science. The tendency of the day is to forget this, and by yielding to the temptation offered by coloring preparations, the forcing pipe, etc., to lose sight of good and infinitely more necessary matters.

We have become the victims of a decorative mania, which is to be deplored. The use of fancy colors without consideration of their congruity for the sake of the prettiness, to tint the maskings used in savory cookery, is surely preposterous, for how in the natural order of things can a fillet of fish be green or a cutlet of chicken pink.

From old time we have adopted white and brown as the colors of standard glazings in this branch of the art, and to depart from them is needless and perilous. The practice is, in point of fact, a misapplication of the handicraft peculiar to the confiseur, to whose profession the laying on of patterns and the use of tintings should be left undisturbed.

We ought not, as is now often the case, to be doubtful whether the dish presented to us is savory or sweet, frozen pieces and fancy compositions intended for the buffet or tables at a ball supper or luncheon on fete require perhaps a certain amount of adornment, but even this is now overdone.

By all means let the cook learn to minister to the lust of the eye, and let a dish be made to look as inviting as possible; but let this effect be produced without the application of fictitious coloring, trashy pattern-making and superfluous garnishing.

Simplicity which looks as if it can be eaten is more to be desired than the elaborate "paintings of the lily" and "gilding of fine gold" which occupy such undue attention at the present time.—Nineteenth Century.

Millinery Notes.

Regarding millinery, colored felts and velvets run an even race for public favor. Very eccentric is a model, Marie Stuart shape, of green velvet with green-and-gold spiders round the brim, and two little peart feather tufts in black standing up directly in front. Fur is again used by the milliners for trimming both hats and bonnets. Nearly all the deep-hued felt hats are trimmed with black, and black and tan is still a much-admired combination. Striking mixtures appear upon many of the French creations, pink felt, for instance, being trimmed with golden olive velvet and feathers, pale yellow felts with scarlet color, brown hats with lemon or orange velvet, and quite a number of the same combinations appear upon evening bonnets and toques of velvet and tan with short plumes and aligrettes or garniture.—N. Y. Post.

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EDITOR

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Last year some WAITED just TOO LONG and felt very much grieved and disappointed at receiving their money back.

A few even wrote some rather unkind things, claiming that we ought to have given them the preference. But we must be fair to all, and hence, FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

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Principal Public School, Reagan, Texas.

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THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

He is the Salt of the Earth and Generally Leads a Happy Life.

Sombody has asked the Kansas City Times if all the things he hears about the country editor's poverty and general woe-begoneness are true. Here is the answer; No. One of the first men of the land is the editor who molds the opinion of the people round about the country town or village in which he lives. He is no ordinary being. He is as independent as a millionaire, and joy enters his house thrice to every single time that disappointment comes. He is king among his people. If his surroundings are lowly, he is still the greatest man within them. If his fellow-citizens are above the ordinary, he is better than their average. His table is well filled, his home is happy, his friends are many and his troubles few. There is no rush in the life of a country editor. Sometimes he gets the idea into his head that business is hurrying him and that a rest is needed. He never considers the matter twice. A trip is planned and, as soon as the railroads send along the passenger with copy for the advertisement to be inserted indefinitely in payment, the editor and his wife and all the little editors go away. Back home at the office the foreman receives the subscriptions and gets out the weekly paper and sets type for job work just the same as if the editor was at home. He is used to that sort of thing and he knows when he gets ready to go away the editor will get passes for him and his wages will run on while he is visiting about the country.

When the postoffice is vacant, everybody mentions the editor as a possibility. Tickets for the circus are laid on his desk, together with the two dozen eggs from a good farmer friend, a roll of butter "for your wife, you know," and a dozen other things that come to the biggest man in town. He is hailed by everybody on the street as a good fellow. All are his friends. Books come for review and never get it. They all go to the editor's cozy home, where so many of the village social affairs take place each winter, when items are scarce and the paper comes out filled with hints on how to make preserves and jellies next summer. That's the merry time for the editor of the country journal. Nobody is more prominent than he is in the local four hundred.

No; withdraw your opinion that the country editor is a man to be pitied. Never picture him in tatters. Don't imagine that he spends half of his time driving the wolf from the door. He is a hustler, probably, and when a legal notice is offered for publication he leaves no stone unturned that will keep it from going to another paper in the same county. The country editor never dies of apoplexy or brain fog. His life is as near the rose-colored as earthly lives get to be. He travels the world over, goes into politics and succeeds, has a list of recreations that would appal the city man in any line of business and most of his time is his own. He is honest, charitable, sagacious. All honor and respect to the country editor. He can afford to be the butt of merry jest and gibe, but as long as he can hire a black man to turn the handle of the press he can afford to laugh back the public's smiles. He is great, this country editor. No man could wish for a happier lot than his.

Megrimine, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD OFFICE, or sent postpaid by mail upon receipt of price; 50 cents a box.

On last Monday morning a dog, frothing at the mouth, attacked Lee Goodpastor on horseback on the O. & W. pike, near Wright's pond. The dog chased Lee back to where they met Aus. Robinson. Aus. knocked the dog over with a club and he got up and ran towards town. They followed and procured a pistol at Frank Shrou's, fired four shots at the dog, but missed. Other parties took up the chase and followed the dog over to Barnes' bluff, but lost the trail in the thicket along the bluff—Owingsville Outlook.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Kentuckians should not become too busy electing a senate to re-member the Road Congress at Lexington. Kentucky needs railroads but the state could better afford to wait some years for further railroad developments than to continue indefinitely the present expensive and ineffectual road system, which makes existing railroads in some parts of the state almost inaccessible to people living a little way from the line. Good county roads that would facilitate the business of getting people and produce to the towns and the railway stations would be equal to building new railroads that much nearer the homes of the people. The road question has been so long trifled with in a half-hearted way that it is hard to get it taken up seriously.—Courier Journal.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure for colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Cameron, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity. Jas. M. Queen of Jonston, W. Va., says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I have always warranted it and it never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction." 50¢ bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

Good roads are a desideratum. Everybody who has occasion to travel on them would like to have them. But like other luxuries they cost money. Just now the question of improving the public roads is exciting some attention. The agitation of the question was started by the manufacturers of bicycles. The better the road the better it is for bicycle travel, and as this method of locomotion increases, a stimulus is given to the manufacture of these popular vehicles, and the manufacturer reaps a benefit. How would it be for a tax to be levied on bicycles, bicycle riders and manufacturers, the proceeds to be used for the betterment of roads?—Georgetown Times.

For pain in the chest there is nothing better than a flannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. It will produce a counter irritation without blistering, and is not so disagreeable as mustard; in fact it is much superior to any plaster on account of its pain-relieving qualities. If used in time it will prevent pneumonia. 50¢ bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

If there is one thing that gives the editor of a newspaper more joy than to add a score of new subscribers to his list, it is to whack off one who is narrow and shallow enough to want you to shut off his paper because you have given expression to an opinion at variance with his own. When a fellow comes into the office and says, with the air of a man who had you completely in his power and was about to crush and ruin you, "I want you stop my paper," we cannot get him off the list quick enough and when he is off we feel as though a barnacle had been removed from the rudder of the journalistic ship.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for colds, croup and whooping cough." 50¢ bottles for sale by Rose & Jones.

The General Assembly convened Monday, that is, what there was of it. There was not a quorum present in either branch, hence it was necessary to indulge in that very familiar proceeding adjourn until the next day. The next day showed but little improvement in the situation and another adjournment followed. It is safe to say then that up to the present time the Legislature has done nothing of any importance since it reassembled. It was hoped with the new year, the solons would turn over a new leaf, but if they have done it, we fear, they turned in the wrong direction.—Danville Advocate.

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